THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

per Year, invariably in Advance. Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. Single Copies, Five Cents

VIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888. NO. 25.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

e lived in Florida (said Mrs. Walters) gh all the Seminole war, which lasted n years, so that I grew up with the es of the great hostile chiefs, Osceola, ator, Wild Cat, and Tiger Tail, mak- a part of my childhood.

sense of peril was always present with I remember the feelings with which heard of the slaughter of Lieutenant e and his command. The tragedy took e in open battle, yet it seemed dread- that so many brave men should be down in the dark woods, with the ed savages yelling around them.

the spring when I was thirteen and rother Arthur fifteen the war was at orst, and my father talked strongly moving to a greater distance from danger.

mong our few slaves, consisting only wo black families, was a half-idiotic g negro named Jason, who had the ilege of wandering pretty much as he sed. He would often remain all day he forest, either lying asleep or mock- the gobble of the wild turkeys.

ne day he returned with an appearance startled us. His wooly head had completely shaved, and his black face d to a bright scarlet. He had, however, ived no real hurt, and seemed not in least terrified by the ordeal through ch he must have passed.

e gathered from his broken sentences he had fallen in with Indians; and it plain that they had been in some ure true to the proverbial respect of ir people for idiots. An ordinary per- they would have sacrificed without ey; but when Jason stared aimlessly the tree-tops, or gobbled like a turkey, y simply set their mark upon him, and him go.

The incident showed that our danger more imminent than had been sup- ed; but there was fortunately a squad United States cavalry picketed within w miles of us, and my father lost no e in notifying the officer in command what had occurred. The soldiers, how- r, could find nothing of the enemy, d in the meantime we passed a couple days in very anxious suspense. The ements of Indian warriors are erratic, d to white men unaccountable.

My parents began to regain confidence, lieving that the Seminoles were gone m the neighborhood, as they doubtless re for the time. Father said they were obably scouts, and there was no telling w they might have scattered themselves, at what point some of them might ap- r next. He hoped, however, that the sence of the soldiers had led them to ndon any design they might have en- tained of attacking us.

On the third day after Jason's adventure were feeling much relieved. The negro n were at work in the fields, and father d gone to a considerable distance from house. Mother, Arthur, and myself, h the female servants, were within ors.

Presently, not far off, we heard the bble of a wild turkey, or what seemed h, although, as turkeys were not in the bit of approaching so near the house, imagined Jasen to be at his old silly stime again, imitating the call which he ld so well counterfeit.

The notes were continued with great ularity at intervals of a minute or two, d so natural were they that Arthur uld have been all on fire to seize his ri- and hurry in quest of the game, had he t remembered how often he had been d upon a fruitless chase by the vocal wers of the poor idiot.

"We all excel in something," said my other, "and Jason was made to call tur- ys. But I do wish he would be quiet; makes me nervous to hear him."

"Jason," said a little negro girl who just en came in from the rear of the premis- ; "why, missus, Jason done gone asleep de shade at de back ob de wash-house, done see him dis minute."

Arthur hastened out-doors, looked be- nd the wash-house, and having assured mself that the black boy had nothing to with the gobbling, returned quickly for s rifle.

"It is a real turkey," he said, "and he's mewhere in the hollow."

The hollow was made by a depression f the ground about fifty rods from the use front, and running parallel with it. pon its further side was a decayed stump, me four or five feet high, standing below e sloping bank, and with its top just sible from the house. Of this stump e portion next to the slope had so fallen way as to leave a large cavity capable of ntaining a man.

The gobble indicated the turkey's where- bouts pretty definitely.

"He's somewhere near that stump," said rthur; "perhaps inside of it, sitting up n the rotten wood toward the top. I'm raid he'll get high enough to see me. ut I'll make a circuit, and creep around here the ground is lower."

He went out at the back door, so as to ake sure of not being seen. The land n our right, a few rods from the house, as very low, the depression stretching ff in crescent shape until it reached the lly, which crossed it at fair rifle-shot stance from the stump.

Arthur, young as he was, had already ome an excellent marksman, having two ears possessed a rifle of his own, which ther had bought him, and which was al- ost always in his hands. We had no oubt that, with anything like an ordi- ary chance, he would put a ball through he turkey's head, and return in triumph.

But somehow, after he went out, a sud- en thought seemed to strike mother. asn't it strange that a turkey should me so far out of the woods, and keep up ch a gobbling in the hollow? No, not strange, perhaps, nor very unusual; and she wondered at her own uneasiness. But er nerves had been shaken by poor Ja- on's incident.

The house had a half-story in front, ith two small windows above the ground oms, and mother's feelings impelled her un up there for a better view. She bed to see where father was, and per- s might discover something of the wild key.

was close at her side. We saw father his rifle away off across the fields, the negroes at a distance from him ged in their work. The stump, too, was visible nearly to its foot, and at intervals we caught sight of Arthur carefully working his way in a half-circuit toward the gully.

Father had evidently heard the turkey, and was warily approaching the spot where it seemed to be. His half-stooping posture showed that he feared the bird might get upon the stump and see him.

Suddenly mother started, and her face had a look of ghastly terror. Something which certainly was no turkey rose a little above the stump, between its shattered rim and the grass of the bank. I saw it too, and my blood ran cold.

It was something that greatly resembled the head of an Indian. We felt that the face must be peering through the grass toward my father, while we saw the black, gleaming hair behind.

Without doubt it was a Seminole warrior in ambush, watching father's approach.

Mother gave an agonized cry. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Would not any outcry she could make be misunderstood at such a distance, and only hasten the catastrophe, since father was still thirty rods beyond the Indian, and eighty from the house? Then there was Arthur, who had now disappeared? And should she by a sudden alarm cause him to show himself, might not the Seminole rise up and shoot him on the spot? She was dizzy with her sense of the dreadful situation.

But in a moment I called out to her, "There's Arthur, mother! there's Arthur!" for I saw him among the rank grass, lying flat upon the ground, within good rifle-shot of the stump, which he seemed to be watching intently.

Once again the Indian's head was shown slightly, and we got an instant's glimpse of Arthur's rifle. But the black hair disappeared, and the weapon was lowered.

Father was now so near the scene of danger that we had no alternative but to watch. Terrible as was her anxiety, mother now felt that Arthur had discovered what kind of game the old stump contained. She knew that the Indian could not fire at father without exposing his own head, and that the moment it appeared it would be covered by her brave boy's rifle.

How our hearts beat for the few moments that intervened! Another gobble came from the stump. Father was working his way stealthily toward it in anticipation of a prize, and Arthur lay still as death in the grass.

All at once we saw the sunlight glance upon a mass of long raven hair that rose slowly above the gnarled wood which had hidden it. Father was within six rods of the spot. It was a dreadful moment.

Our eyes turned to Arthur. The grass in front of the slight knoll where he lay was not high enough to interfere with his aim as his elbow rested on the ground. We could see him drop his young face against the breech of his gun. The barrel gleamed for a single instant, a puff of smoke streamed from the muzzle, and he leaped to his feat.

But there was a still more sudden leap from the old stump, for an Indian with flying hair, and with his rifle still clutched in his hand, sprang up and fell dead against the slope which had concealed him from father's view.

The reunion which followed, when we all ran into each other's arms, joyful, yet thrilled with consternation, I will not dwell upon.

We found the dead enemy to be a tall young warrior, hideously painted, and having in his belt a hatchet and a knife.

He had no doubt entered the gully from the swamp, and seeing father at a distance, had attempted to decoy him within a gunshot by imitating a wild turkey.

The occasion proved to be the only one on which the Seminole war was brought home to us, as the successes of the United States troops afterward kept the Indians at a distance from our neighborhood.—*Harper's Young People.*

Take Care of the Eyes.

"Nellie, I fear you will injure your eyes," I said to a young girl, who sat reading in the twilight. "My eyes are very strong," she replied, "why, I can look right straight at the sun." Now every one will acknowledge that such eyes are a great blessing, seldom possessed by the present weak-eyed generation; but I fear even Nellie's strong eyes will soon be injured if she persists in using them under such trying circumstances—reading fine print in the moonlight, or at a long distance from the lamp, or allowing the full glare of the noonday sun to reflect into her eyes from the printed page. Sewing on black goods by the lamp light she thinks nothing of, nor of sitting up until midnight half the nights in the week to read an interesting book. Now all these things are hurtful to the eyes, and no more than one person in a thousand can practice them and remain uninjured. As no one can be sure of being the lucky person, it behooves all to take proper care of these priceless members.

When the eyes are tired and inflamed at night I find it rests them for the next day to bind over them a wet towel on retiring. Lately, I have laid next my eyes a little sack containing dampened salt, and find it better still. No matter if the brine finds its way beneath the closed lids; the smarting will last but a minute. Indeed I often rub it into the eyes and find it strengthens them. Years of practicing this have proved that although it will not make weak eyes strong, it will do more toward warding off the day of spectacles than an improper use of them, and a dozen bottles of eye water and boxes of salve. I became quite interested in knitting lace; but last winter I found that the necessary fine work with my reading and writing was all my eyes could endure. I have not knit six inches of lace in as many months, and although I often think of the real thread I wanted for my curtains, I know it will not pay to knit it.

Another source of weak eyes is in the bright, unshaded lights we use. No one, without trial, knows how much rest a shade gives. It pays to be careful of the eyes, for once lost they can never be replaced. Science has not yet invented a mode of inserting new ones, as lost hair and teeth and limbs are supplied. Once lost they can never be replaced.

Things are not always what they seem. For instance, Chili is not a cold country.

The Executive Mansion.

The president's home at Washington, which is officially termed the Executive mansion, commonly called the White House, has a history that runs back nearly ninety years. Its corner stone was laid under the superintendence of Captain James Hobon, as architect, on the thirteenth of December, 1792. Captain Hobon was an Irish architect, direct from Dublin, via Charleston, who took the award of $500 for the design. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Washington, and his descendants are still living in that city. The British destroyed the building in 1814. It was afterwards rebuilt by Captain Hobon, and was first opened for the reception of visitors on January 1, 1819. The portico, of four lofty columns on the north side, was added in 1829, during the administration of President Jackson. It is a lofty building, two stories in height, having a frontage of 170 feet and a depth of 80 feet. The vestibule within the front door is 50x40 feet in dimensions. The famous east room, which was finished only fifty years ago, is 80 feet long by 40 wide and 22 feet high. Eight large mirrors and three chandeliers of crystal and silver adorn it. The walls are covered with gray paper, and the trimming of the furniture is gray reps and maroon velvet. With the exception of our public halls, it is probably the largest room in the country, and for its size is certainly the handsomest. It is the Mecca of all lady visitors to the capitol. The president's office, which is in the second story, is also the cabinet room, and is not a very large apartment for the White House, although about thirty-five or forty feet deep, by perhaps thirty feet wide, and with a high ceiling. A long table is in the middle of the floor, with leather seated chairs around it; the two windows have long lambrequin curtains of a dark, bluish gray color. A large map of the United States is on the wall. The carpet is of a red tint, with large figures. The general effect of the room as one enters is that of a library without books. The White House is surrounded immediately by twenty acres of garden and park. The lawn is still a naked plain, reaching on to the Potomac, like a desert coming to the palace stairs. Like Versailles in the time of Louis XVI., Washington is a government creation, and the White House is memorable only for the people who have lived in it. Every one of our presidents, except Washington, has lived in this great house, and he had poked his horse's head into its portals to look at the workmen plastering on the scaffold. The original cost of the building in 1792 was about $333,000, and the total cost of the structure to the present time, with refurnishing, etc., has been about $1,750,000. The unhealthful character of Washington, and of the White House locality in particular, has been for years a subject of complaint.

Stepping-Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Keep at one thing—in no wise change.

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice but rather depend upon yourself.

Never fail to keep your appointments or to be punctual to the minute.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or minds usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny pathway.

Make no haste to be rich, remembering that small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and never trouble others to do what you can perform yourself.

Accustom yourself to think and act vigorously, and to be prompt and decided for the right against the wrong.

Earn money before you spend it; never buy what you do not want—adopt the "pay-as-you-go" principle, and never deviate from it.

Make few promises. Always speak the truth and nothing but the truth; and in all your business relations be guided by strict integrity and unflinching honesty.

Buy, suscribe to, and read all that is necessary to fully inform yourself on the doings, discoveries and reforms of the age in which you live.

Develop a wealth of character by personal courage. Possess the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so; to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit under false pretences.

Finally, in all you do and say, think and act out, so live that your daily growth of soul and body may be ever upward in the direction of perfection.

Summer in Norway.

The Norwegian house is one-half window. In their long winters they need all the sun they can get; not an outside blind, not an inside shutter, not a dark shade to be seen. Streaming, flooding, radiating in and round about the rooms comes the light, welcome or unwelcome, early and late. And to the words "early" and "late" there are in a Norway summer new meanings. The early light of the summer morning sets in about half-past 2, the late light of the summer evening fades into a luminous twilight about 11. Enjoyment of this species of perpetual day soon comes to an end. After the traveler has written home to everybody once by broad daylight at 10 o'clock the fun of the thing is over. Normal sleepiness begins to hunger for its rights, and dissatisfaction takes the place of wondering amusement. This dissatisfaction reaches its climax in a few days, then, if he is wise, the traveler provides himself with several pieces of dark green cambric, which he pins up at his windows at bed-time, thereby making it possible to get seven or eight hours' rest for his tired eyes. But the green cambric will not shut out sounds; and he is lucky if he is not kept awake until 1 or 2 o'clock every night by the unceasing tread and loud chatter of the cheerful Norwegians, who have been forced to form the habit of setting up half their night-time, to get in the course of a year their full quota of daytime.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY MISS J. J. TURPIN.

Read at the Closing Exercises of Richmond, Va., Institute.

Who has not heard depicted the glories of the "good old times"? Who has not listened to vehement disparagements of the present? Who has not witnessed the longings of some mistaken wight for the "good old times" of the past?

Does an accident occur, are lives lost—"ah, well such things didn't happen so often in the olden days; the Lord must be visiting a judgment upon this people." Do we read of a murder, an embezzlement, a seduction—"deary me! what is the world coming to? people didn't use to be so wicked." Do we go into ecstasies over some hero of to-day—"oh! but those great men of the past, time has since produced none like to them."

Blame not these dear old people, these mourners after a past that is forever vanished. They are looking back into the days of their youth; what wonder that they call them—the "good old times"?

What we see without is often but a reflection of something within; so they, with the twilight of many years gathering about them, see somber and gloomy colors everywhere. Age has dimmed their mental as well as their natural vision, and the advantages of the present are but faintly revealed. They are gazing backward through a vista which stretches far into distance, the defects of the landscape sink out of sight, a misty veil over hangs the scene, and

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

So, throughout the ages, have there been men who longed for the days of their youth, as the "good old times." Nor is this all; occasionally we meet young people, in the fullness of their strength, in the light of advanced civilization, who paint the superiority of times they knew not, who decry the achievements of later days, who lean to the theory that the world is growing worse. Shame on them that they appreciate not the advantage they enjoy; shame on them that they recognize not the grand order of progression; shame on them that they are not thankful for being born in the nineteenth century!

As we contemplate the subject, some of the principal features of the "good old times" arise before us.

There were the "good old times" when the useful arts were little known and science was poorly appreciated. In those days people worked harder and accomplished less. The agriculturist had then to perform with tedious hand labor what now his machinery does for him. The mechanic with illy constructed tools and but little experience to aid him, knew not the beauty of finish and quickness of execution that belong to his brother of to-day. The ancient house-wife enjoyed not the conveniences to which we are so accustomed that we forget they once were not. The broom, that well-known implement of industry and warfare, has not always had existence. Had Eve possessed a sewing machine, those aprons could have been made with greater neatness and dispatch. Once upon a time there were no umbrellas to be advertised as "lost, strayed, or stolen"; and books were so rare that the borrower found it difficult to collect a library after the approved method. Doctors were not such adepts in the art of killing and lawyers had not learned to lie skillfully. Travelers endured the crowding, the jolting, and the tedium of the stage-coach; and a trip to Europe was regarded almost as a visit to another world. Those whose memory we delight to honor, were once mocked and derived. Fulton was thought a fool, Columbus a fanatic and Galileo a madman. Faces were upturned to the beautiful sky, but they read not the language of the stars; men watched with fear the lightning's flash, and knew not the power there enchained; the genial sun warmed and cheered, but it revealed not its wonderful secret of picture-making.

Do we long for the "good old times" of ancient schooling? The school houses lacked the modern improvements in heating and lighting and ventilating. There were the backless benches where little ones grew weary, and drooped the shoulders forward in an unsightly and unhealthful manner. There were the high seats from which little feet could not touch the floor and hung in a tired, strained condition throughout the long hours. There was the old primer in which beginners droned over a, b, c; while more advanced students recited from Webster's spelling book. There was an absence of those appliances which make study easy and interesting. There was the stiff old master who made the birch the administrator of an iron law. System to him meant a strict adherence to a set of rigid rules; discipline implied hard tasks and a frequent application of the rod. It is not strange that "the feet that went creeping into school went storming out to play."

Have you forgotten the "good old times" of superstition, the times which made so vivid an impression that we onrselves bear faint marks? Men sought to find in the heavens a revelation of human destiny, astrologers were consulted concerning important issues, armies hung upon the lips of the oracle. The ordeal, with all its awful torture, was used as a test of guilt. Honest citizens were accused of witch-craft, innocent lives were taken, frenzied crowds

"—mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That flattered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lips trembling with its prayers."

Fortune tellers have been revered as being favored with peculiar prophetic vision. Through this belief, many impostors have triumphed; many credulous have been robbed; and many a one has been delivered by vain and foolish expectations. Signs that bear no reasonable relation to the thing signified, tokens that have no philosophical connection with the event typified, are but remnants of this barbarism.

The "good old times" of religious persecution, cast a blur upon the past. Men were imprisoned, exiled, tortured for their religious beliefs. Latimers and Cranmers yielded up their lives at the stake, and lady Jane Greys laid down life upon the block. Bloody Mary lighted the bonfires of England, and a cruel queen ordered the massacre of Bartholomew. William Penn left England on account of religious persecution, and the Pilgrim Fathers crossed to secure religious liberty. Under such a regime, all Christians were martyrs; and denominations feigned to serve God, by persecuting each other.

Our hearts boil with indignation at the remembrance of the "good old times" of slavery. Men whose forefathers wrote the Declaration of Independence, deprived their fellow-being of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Christians who professed to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, tortured His creatures with merciless hand. Ministers called of God to preach the gospel as it is in Christ Jesus, were content to expatiate to the slave on the passage, "Servants, obey in all things your masters." Men and women were torn from the attractions of their native homes, they were packed into dark and filthy holes for passage; families were cruelly parted and sold; men with God given talents and great capabilities, were treated as brutes; they were exposed to privations and diseases; they were left in grossest ignorance, they were tempted to vice and immorality they were required to make "bricks without straw," and they received in return curses and blows and horrors untold. Let us draw the curtain; we thank God those "good old times" are past.

In the "good old times" when woman's true position was unrecognized, she was regarded as a necessary evil. She waited upon him and relieved him of every care, but she was not even allowed to take her meals with him. The hardest work and the coarsest fare were hers. Men rejoiced over the birth of a son, but scorned the baby girl. For a woman to interest herself in anything outside of the dreary round of her allotted tasks, was considered unwomanly; and a learned woman was synonymous with an outcast. Womanhood was not then reverenced in the varied offices of mother, wife, sister, friend. She was shut out from literature, excluded from science, debarred from the fine arts, driven from the temple, denied admittance to the schools, and welcomed only in the harem.

We shrink in revulsion from the "good old times" of war. Men delighted in slaughter. The great warriors went forth to battle for glory—what glory? the glory of becoming murderers, of devastating cities and towns, of rending the hearts of women and children; for conquest—what conquest? they gained bloody and seared consciences, they gained loads of sin that no human effort could remove, they gained names that call forth shudders of abhorrence from those who live after them; for vengeance—why vengeance? when, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

The "good old times" are a myth, a fantasy, a delusion, and a snare. The present is superior to all times past. We of to-day possess a peculiar legacy. The intellectual powers of our ancestors have been transmitted to us, their moral virtues have descended to us; their inventions are all ours. We have all that they had, and also our own particular endowments. How can our advantage but be better than theirs? We would not be worthy of being their children, were we not better and wiser than they. The world is progressing. Discovery and invention lighten toil, and secure results more nearly perfect. Education spreads, and men grow in mental stature. Superstition is becoming a relic of bygone days. Men are tolerant of religious beliefs, and unite in Christianizing the heathen. The people once held in bondage, are now rising in all the dignity of manhood and womanhood to the plane of true and rightful living. woman, once despised as man's slave, is now honored as his helpmeet. War, once sought is now avoided. Man has more, knows more, does more. Hurrah for the good *new* times.

[There were so many typographical errors in this article last week, that we concluded to republish it.—ED]

How Women Look at Domestic Work.

There is very little difficulty in getting gardeners and even tolerable grooms and coachmen, and none whatever in getting clerks and salesmen and errand boys. We men regard work as honorable; but women conspire together to stigmatize all domestic work as a sort of disgrace. If they engage in such work at all, it is secretly, and they are humiliated if they are caught at it, and they do not allow their daughters to do it if they can help themselves; and then they wonder that it is so hard to find good cooks and housemaids. Pride, madam, is the great incentive to good work. The men enlist it on their side; you women enlist it against yours; and then you wonder that your servants take no pride in their work. It seems to me one of the incidental disadvantages of what people call the "higher education for women" that it tends to increase this feeling. A young girl goes to boarding-school—I beg pardon, to a female college—for three or four years. During all that time she is waited on by servants. They cook her meals, they wait on her at the table, they make her bed, they sweep her room, and when she goes home, she has a dressmaker to do her sewing; and all this time she is learning to look down upon the common work of housekeeping as a menial kind of drudgery. When at last she is married and begins life for herself, she has to unlearn a considerable part of her four years' course, unless her husband can afford to provide her with servants to do all the housework, and even then she needs to unlearn her habit of thought and feeling about it in order to inspire her servants with the pride which is essential to success in any toil. For this reason, I should like to see every public school adopt the fashion of Wellesley and South Hadley, and give their pupils some part of their own work to do. Perhaps they would learn a trifle less of Latin, Greek, and the higher mathematics, but this loss would be more than compensated, for, if they acquire the characteristics of Lemuel's virtuous woman, who "worketh willingly with her hands."—*Laicus, in Christian Union.*

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

C. A. LEMAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

609 LA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance,..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE Box 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

The official statement of the cotton crop of the United States for the year ended August 31, 1883, shows a total crop of 6,949,756 bales, an increase over last year's crop of 1,493,708 bales.

STILL THEY COME.

The Cleveland *Gazette*, Mr. Harry Smith, editor, looms up in "great shape" and presents journalistic lights and shades which blend to make a "rich, rare and racy" newspaper. Tone down just a little on politics, Harry, and you shall have our hearty grip.

ACTING PUBLIC PRINTER.

Mr. A. W. Rounds, acting Public Printer, manages affairs at the printing office with marked ability and fairness. He is a genial and thorough business man and wears his honors with becoming dignity. Affairs are moving smoothly and will continue to do so if the office is continued under the supervision of men like Mr. Rounds, the younger, who partakes all the virtues of his father.

"THE ADVOCATES" ADVOCATES.—The distinguished editor of THE ADVOCATE (D. C.,) attacks us in regard to the controversy respecting Wayland Seminary affairs. It assumes a position we had nothing to do with. What we have said had not nothing to do with Prof. Stornm, and therefore we are truly astoni hed that we should be put in the light we were. We said nothing concerning Prof. Storum case. That settles that.

Not so fast our ironical friend. The Storum case was a part of the *res gestae*, as the lawyers would call it.

The two cases were so near together in point of time and motive that it is impossible to separate them, in the mind of any one, save possibly that of the editor of the *Baptist*. Let him practice in church what he advises in state—"teach the knavish white cheats that their duplicity is known, and they must recognize our numbers, ability and assistance."

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

The Scottish Educational Bill, which was recently before the British Parliament, contained some very excellent features, among the most important of which is a provision compelling children, between the ages of ten and fourteen years, to attend school. This is indeed a needed reform in the educational system in Scotland; for while the percentage of persons who can read and write in that conntry is greater than that of England and the contiuental nations, there are thousands who, by the hardships which the Scottish labor system imposes, are forced into the factories at the ages from ten to fourteen, and are therefore deprived of the opportunities of the higher public school, academical and collegiate education. And just here, would it not be better for the colored people in our country if a similar provision were made for compelling our boys and girls to attend school between ten and fourteen? There are hunereds of youths in our city who are spending their time in idleness and mischief; who are not even engaged in any employment or business, aud who remain away simply because their parents do uot *compel* them to attend school. Lookiug to the protection of society, would it not be well for the trustees to ask Congress to provide for the enforcement of a provision compelliug children to attend school? Which colored trustee is sufficiently interested in the educational welfare of our community to offer such a proposition to Congress next December?

THE OHIO ELECTION.

Judging from the enthusiasm manifested by persons in our city and elsewhere, outside of Ohio, over the prospects of republican success in that state this fall, one would suppose that the republican party had a "walk sver." But, however extravagantly we may enthuse here, it appears that in Ohio there are no such hilarious manifestations. The fact is that to be successful requires the united support of the republicans. And this united support is not a foregone conclusion. There are many republicans in Ohio whose views are so positive concerning the liquor question that to be consistent, they deem it unwise to support any ticket save the regular prohibition. How this element can be convinced that their support of the republican party is necessary to the furtherance of the temperance cause, is a question which leadiug republicans are now seriously considering. To show this, it is necessary to organize a corps of well informed speakers whose object will be to deal with the liquor question *only*, and to expose the various phases of democratic legislation which have been uniformly in the interest of free whiskey and full penitentiaries.

Then, there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of colored voters in Ohio who, being dissatisfied with the operations of the republican party, are either seriously considering the propriety of voting with the democrats this fall, or evincing no interest or care as to the outcome. How best to re-assure them in the first place, and in the second, how they may be aroused to a sense of the dire necessity of republican success, must be matters which cannot be overlooked or underestimated. It must be clear to every thoughtful mind that a contest which must, in a large sense, determine the fortunes of two great political parties for the next four years, or more,—perhaps one which will pronounce on the very existence of a great party—will not, and indeed *cannot*, be given up without a desperate struggle. Great political parties do not generally supinely yield to the ephemeral drifts of irresponsible or would-be prophetic newspapers. It is the duty of the party to make clear the fact that the temperance cause is safe only in the hands of, and directed by the sagacity and wisdom of, the republican party. As to the colored voter of Ohio, it appears to us that his indisposition to support the republican party must be dictated by a most foolish and inaccurate conception of the relation he holds to American politics. If he is foolish enough to suppose that he can advantageously and honorably give aid and comfort to a class of politicians and a political party whose traditions and practices have been inimical to the interests of the colored people as a class; if he thinks that *his* claims to civil and political rights form an exception to those of colored people generally, and that therefore he is justified in entering into disgraceful affiliations which are calculated to retard the progress of the race, we have only to say that if the democrats are suecessful in overthrowing with his aid, the pronounced and *only political* friends of the colored man, he may wake up to the realization of a condition in which he, with the colored people of the south, will writhe in the venomous toils of the political copperheads of democracy. Should such misfortune overcome us, we may realize that the cause of the colored man *is* common; and, groaning under the weight of humiliation and tyranny, we may admit that our own distractions have been our bitterest bane.

As for those colored people who are influenced by apathy, we would only suggest that they must be aroused. They must be reminded of the sluggard who, for a "little more folding of the hands to sleep," permitted his golden opportunities to slip from him only to leave him a disgraced and helpless mendicant. In view of the effect which the result of the Ohio election will have on national politics, no colored man with a spark of race fidelity will support the *arch-enemy* of themselves and friends—the democratic party.

Dr. A. G. Haygood's recent addresses will be published shortly in full, and sent free to any address. They will be prefaced thus: "what I did say at Menteagle, Aug. 2 and at Chatauqua, N. Y., Aug. 17, 20, and 24. Dr. Haygood's address is Oxford, Ga.

We call attention of out of town subscribers to the postal notes, as a convenience of remitting subscriptions. They can be obtained at any money order office, and the fee is only *three* cents, and letters can be sent on and after Oct. 1 for *two* cents.

DASTARDLY SCOUNDRELISM.

To be sure, it is impossible to anticipate the particular evils which grow out of association. The composition of society must, out of its very nature, comprehend a generous reciprocity. There are certain rights and immunities which men, living together, must accord to one another. This is necessary to the securement of the greatest practical good. But notwithstanding this, there is a latitude beyond which persons should not be permitted to go. This latitude constitutes the sum-total of the restraints which are necessary to the proper growth and development of society, and in just proportion as persons are permitted to pass beyond it, so are entrenchments made in the purity and dignity of our community, and the floodgates of iniquity opened. The dastardly conduct of one Orion Smith, a handsomely painted devil, of the martial persuasion, after having ruined three helpless young ladies, of excellent parantage, has absconded, leaving one of the ruined and pitiful unfortunates to provide for an ill-gotten child, while the other two are abandoned with the awful and lasting stamp of disgrace on their characters and reputation.

The scoundrel who is the cause of all this carrted on his bestial commerce as a hypocrite and a liar—under the promise of marriage. Such profligacy can hardly be sufficiently condemned, except, possibly, by the silencing influence of a halter or the regenerating influence of a penitentiary. But whatever punishment may follow this high handed libertinism, the duty of mothers and fathers is certainly very plain. This indiscriminate sociability, this license, this familiarity or wonton indifference as to the sanctity of our homes and the reputation of our families, must be stopped. Mothers look to your children! Fathers, let not the taint of dishonor come upon the name of your family. Let not vice entrench upon your sacred domestic relations; for

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

ANOTHER CRANK VAPORIZES.

Every once in a while, a crank "bobs up serenely," to the disgust of sober, sensible people. The latest is a crank, who disgorged himself through the columns of last Sunday's *Gazette*, in a manner quite interesting to the colored people. This ex-office holder and chronic office seeker, W. J. Wood, by name, takes vigorous exceptions to the right of the colored people to dine in "white" restaurants, ride in first class cars, or, in fact, to be in any way objectionable to the white people. He repeats a bit of the history of slavery, claims that the southern people themselves were the bitterest opponents of slavery, and concludes that a *separation of the races* is the only way out of it. Perhaps the odoriferous old democrat meant to insinuate that if the colored people did not "learn their place," or emigrate to Africa, there would be a war of extermination, and that *all* the colored people would be "removed," while *all* the whites remained to enjoy the blessings this government affords, unmolested by the "everlasting" Negro. It would be interesting to know what would become of such men as Wood in such a case. We do not desire to enter into any controversy with Wood; but we will wager a plum that he will not live to see a 'separation of the races," and we further venture the prediction that the day is not far off when such men as he will be looked upon as fools, whose slime and abuse will not be tolerated, and whose only protection is their extreme *littleness*.

OUR COLORED MILITARY.

In calling attention to the advertisement in our columns of the competitive drill for the John W. Boteler Cup, between our colored militia companies, the first thing that strikes us is the fact, that this first tangible recognition of the credit due to "our boys" comes from one of another race, and the second is that as much as the matter has been talked of, and as much interest as is taken in it, none of the race with which they are identified have either as individuals or organizations come forward to second the motion by offering an additional prize.

The long list of honorary members, prominent men as they are in the community, might unite for instance in offering an additional prize. Some of the numerous charitable or benevolent organizations, who are constantly calling upon "the boys" to don their uniforms, and come help to fill their coffers on the occasion of their entertainments might take this opportunity to show their gratitude for past favors, or some one enough favored in pocket might offer something of less value than Mr. Boteler's splendid gift, but still valuable in proportion to the different circumstances.

From among these sources might be offered, say a cash or other prize for the second best company, a medal in addition to the captain of the first company, or a prize for an officer's drill such as Colonel Carson had. Anything better that might occur to others, we simply throw out this as a suggestion and sincerely trust that our 60,000 colored population, public spirit enough may be found to exist not to let this event pass without giving some tangible evidence of our appreciation.

The Arkansas *Mansion* thus expresses its opinion of J. W. Niles, the great "separationist:"

"We consider Mr. Niles is a crank, and know that he has no following except in Lee and St. Francis counties where the masses are exceedingly ignorant."

And the *Gazette*, of the same city Little Rock, says:

"The colored people of Arkansas, almost without exception, as well as the whites, pronounce Niles a fraud, a humbug, and in every particular unworthy of confidence."

Strong language, this!

After Commencement, What?

It is an ungracious thing, perhaps, to tell the young men who are just emerging from college into what they vaguely call the world, that their education is by no means complete. In fact, if they have made the very best of their opportunities, they have only learned how to learn, and have yet to add wisdom to their learning by knocking against some very hard facts which are not catalogued in their philosophies. The farther an alumnus gets from his graduation day, the more clearly he sees that his education was but the veriest substructure of his manhood—the pile-driving and puddling upon which the foundation stones were to be laid. The college faculty, as wise master-builders, have done the best they could. "But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon."

The future is every man's personal responsibility, and the graduate who expects that the world is going to open its arms to him and coddle him with sugar-plums is pretty sure to be disappointed. A class that has been out of college twenty years can demonstrate this in its own experience. Youthful brilliancy has counted for almost nothing. The college diploma has not been a passport to special favor, much less to success. Every man who has made his mark in any line of work or thought, has done it through his wisdom in building upon the foundation that was laid. In many cases the foundation does not even appear above the surface; but it is worth having, and the superstructure is the stronger and more beautiful for it. The attempt to mark out one's path in advance is half the time a failure. Unforseen circumstances, unexpected developments of taste and talent will appear, which will lead into strange paths. Perhaps there is no sphere in life where the "Divinity that shapes our ends" is more apparent than in the life of a young man of education; and President Seeley's advice, that each should be content with his providential lot, and seek to follow and not oppose the manifest destiny of his life, is as profoundly wise in the social and material as in the religious aspect of the case.

Power of School Directors.

The supreme court of Iowa has decided a very important case, settling the rights of school directors in certain cases.

In Des Moines the directors established a rule that pupils of the public schools who damage a school building should pay all damages, and be suspended from school until the amount is paid. A child of Perry Perkins, while at play on the grounds, accidentally knocked a ball through a window of the school house. The boy was suspended. Perkins denied the right of power of the board to suspend the boy, and decided to test the question, not because of the amount of damages involved, but to establish the law in the case; and therefore, by mandamus proceedings in the circuit court, sought to compel the directors to re-admit his son. The defendants, the directors, demurred to Perkins' petition, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction, the law having provided that appeals from the decisions of school directors shall go to the county superintendent, and from him to the state superintendent. The lower court sustained the demurrer, when Perkins appealed to the supreme court, and that court decided that the circuit court had jurisdiction, and was the proper tribunal; and further, that the school directors have no power or authority to make such a rule. While a child may be expelled from school for breach of discipline or offenses against good order and morals, he cannot for innocent acts done. The rule in question was not to secure good order, but to enforce an obligation to pay a certain sum of money. The directors have no power to make or enforce such a rule.

HINTS FOR SUNSTROKE CASES.—Sunstroke was in many Cincinnati cases, during the terrible heat, treated with hot water instead of cold. The following directions were published by such physicians as favored the plan: Lay the patient on his back, loosen the clothing, so as to encourage a free flow of blood; expose the chest, especially over the region of the heart, and with a large cloth, towel or sponge freely bathe the head, face neck and chest with hot salt water, as hot as can be handled, continually adding more hot water and applying it until the patient is soft. Use one teaspoonful of salt to every quart of hot water. Have the feet made bare and rubbed or slapped, and in extreme cases apply mustard poultices. Give internally, if a temperate man, a teaspoonful of whisky in hot water; if a drinking man, use a little ammonia or hartshorn in hot water; if soon after a meal, put a teaspoonful of yellow mustard into a glass of warm water and have the patient drink it, following up with more until he vomits freely. As he convalesces give at first lime water and milk (one-fourth lime water and three-fourths milk,) afterward a liquid diet until the stomach is strong enough for solids.

HE HAD TO STAND IT.—There were half a dozen ladies and gentlemen in a street-car, when the driver stopped the car and said: "There is somebody in this car trying to beat me out of a fare." The passengers loooked at each other, and all said they had put in their fare. "It don't make any difference. There are only six fares in the box and seven people in the car." Then a gentleman got up, and with a sigh, put in the missing fare, remarking: "I put one in before, but as I was once in the legislature everybody will say it can't be anybody else but me, so I will have to stand it."

Mo! For Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Sep.* 1 h '83

Editor PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE;

I take pleasure in informing your readers that the Local Committee of Arrangements are making ample preparations to receive the National Colored Convention which is to assemble in our city the 24th instant. We have secured Leiderkranz Hall with a capacity to seat 1400 people as the place of meeting, and our committee will pay hall expenses without taxing the convention.

H. FITZBUTLER, Chairman.

Improving the Cereals.

In regard to raising and using the best seeds, I think the farmers, as a class, are quite deficient. Especially is this true in regard to the cereals. Heavy or light, of good quality or poor, the result of the harvest is generally attributed to the richness of the soil or the nature of the season.

A few careful observers and experimenters have shown that, with the same care in all other respects, a crop may be increased from one-tenth to one-half, by using the best seed adapted to the soil and climate. Such seeds are worth much more than the average farmer is likely to be willing to pay for them. Every one claims to believe in the use of good seeds, and generally thinks he uses no other. Very few persons appreciate the great amount of study, and care, and money, which have been employed in improving the various breeds of our domestic animals. The process is a slow one, and many meet with moderate success. These men study the qualities of both parents, and their ancestors, and always have what seems to them good reasons for every step they take in breeding.

In the same manner we need large numbers of experimenters to improve our cereals. Principles underlie the breeding of plants as well as the breeding of animals. The results are much more rapidly obtained; the larger increase gives us a much greater chance for selecting the best. How shall the cereals be improved? Many of the processes have been again and again stated. Study the writings of a Sturtevant, or a Blount, or a Hallett. Repeat what they have done, add thought to the work, and make additional experiments. Let an enthusiastic student, with practical tact, plant a piece of corn, or wheat, or other crop, on good soil, near his house, where he can easily watch it every day. Let him carefully observe the difference to be found in the same plot from the seed from the same ear. Select parents which suit, see that they are crossed, and select the seed for future use. Do not neglect the soil and cultivation. Here is a grand field for experiment—one but little worked, and one ready to reward skill and patience with a bountiful harvest.

Rules for Keepers of Sheep.

1. Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in mud or water.
2. Take up lamb bucks early in summer, and keep them until December following, when they may be turned out.
3. Count ever day.
4. Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity at first.
5. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.
6. Let no hogs eat with the sheep, by any means, in the Spring.
7. Give the lambs a little mill-feed in time of weaning.
8. Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it.
9. Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather, if you can.
10. Separate all weak or thin or sick from those strong in the fall, and give them special care.
11. If any sheep is hurt catch it at once, and wash the wound, and if it is fly-time apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with something healing. If a limb is broken bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.
12. Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.
13. Do not let the sheep spoil wool with chaff or burs.
14. Cut tag-locks in early spring.
15. For scours give pulverized alum in wheat bran; prevent by taking great care in changing dry for green food.
16. If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs, pare the hoof if unsound, and apply tobacco with blue vitriol, boiled in a little water.
17. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and save carefully the pelt of any sheep that dies.
18. Have at least one good work by you to refer to. This will be money in your pocket.

What are Pearls?

Discorides and Pliny mention the belief that pearls are formed by drops of rain falling into the oyster shells while open, and the rain drops thus received are hardened into pearls by some secretions of the animal.

According to Richardson, the Persians say when the drops of spring rain fall into the pearl oyster they produce pearls.

Mr. Darwin thinks that pearls are formed like those calcareous productions of crabs known by the name of crab's eyes, which are always near the stomach of the creatures, and adds that in both cases the substance is probably a natural provision of her for the reparation or enlargement of the shell.

A pearl which Pliny valued at about $375,000 in our present money, Cleopatra is said to have dissolved at a banquet and drank off to Antony's health. A pearl given to Philip II., of Spain was called *la peregina*, and was valued at 80,000 ducats. It was oval and of the size of a pigeon's egg, the largest which is positively known to have been found. Those of the size of a cherry are found more frequently, but still very rarely. Pearls are found ranging in color from a pure white to a perfect black. The pearl denotes purity, and gives clearness to physical and mental sight.

—A rough-looking, bronzed-faced fellow rode into St. Joe, Mo., recently, and hitched his horse in a vacant lot. He was a suspicious, hard looking customer, and the police shadowed him. He went around town with no apparent business and finally sauntered back to his nag, straddled it, and was about riding off, when Harry Wrinkle said, "What's your business in St. Joseph?" "Wall," replied the stranger, "I am agent for the devil—I'm hunting a location for h—ll, and I'm dogonned glad I have found a place where it won't be necessary to remove the present inhabitants."

Preparation of Peanuts.

Peanuts to be prepared for the market are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are droped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand girls, and, as the nuts fall on the belt, the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peanuts caught by the girls are thrown to one side, picked over, and the best singled out, bagged and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut for eating as the first, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade is branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of "cocks" and "ships." The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops in bags below, free from dust or dirt of any kind, and is then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is etxracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthful bed they make.

Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air without, and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An opened window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room then from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better.—*Florence Nightingale.*

The Earth's First Land.

If one wishes to see the oldest parts of the world, let him go to Trenton Falls, N. J., and, after visiting the excavations made by the natural action of a mountain torrent into the ancient rocks, go to the hotel and see the collection made by the landlord, at an expense of $10,000, of specimens which prove the record of a geological age so remote that no imagination can grasp it. Professor Agassiz declared that the land reaching from Trenton Falls to Saratoga was the first that appeared above the sea on the creation. Here are the trilobites in great variety, all modeled in black marble, so perfectly preserved in form that the multitudinous lenses of their eyes are as apparent under the microscope as are those of a living fly. Millions of years before man walked the earth these creatures lived their life, the limestone took on their forms, and here they are! What are *scarabei* and ancient *intaglii*, or any other engraved or modeled semblance of the old life, compared to the trilobites? These creatures not only lived, but had become everlasting stone millions of years before there was a living man to see them

Wouldn't Contribute.

When Lincoln was practicing in the old Sangamon county court house, in the days of the old-fashioned slat settees, a tall, slim lawyer, noted for wearing a very short coat, slid along on the seat to be nearer the advocate addressing the jury. A protruding nail tore the seat of the lawyer's pantaloons. Obliged to follow his opponent immediately, there was no time to sew up the rent in the garment. A legal way present wrote a subscription paper: "We, the undersigned, agree to pay the sums set opposite to our several names for the purpose of purchasing Brother Brown a new pair of pantaloons." Several of the lawyers put down sums ranging from fifty cents to ten cents. The paper was presented to Lincoln, who sat opposite the rear of the advocate, who, bending over in gesticulation, made quite an exposure. Lincoln took out his pencil, and wrote upon the paper: "I have nothing to contribute to the end in view." The lawyers roared with laughter; the judge asked to see the paper, when he, too, in turn, had to roar. All this time the unconscious victim of the fun was ignorant of the cause of the laughter, and at last joined in the merriment.

Incisors of Some Animals.

The incisors of the horse, once worn down or lost are gone forever, but in many species a provision exists by which the wear and tear of mastication is compensated by the perpetual growth of certain members of the dental series. This very convenient arrangement exists in all the rodents, or gnawers, an order of which the beaver and the rat and the rabbit are familiar examples, and also in the elephant, walrus, wild boar, etc. The incisors of the rodents are the seat of this perpetual growth, and any one who will take the trouble to examine the skull of a rabbit will at once see how admirably they are adapted to the animal's wants. They are of curved shape and occupy sockets extending to the back part of both jaws, the upper pair describing a larger part of a smaller circle, and the lower ones a smaller part of a larger circle. Each tooth consists of a solid column of dentine, with a plate of enamel in its outer surface, and, consequently diminishes in hardness from front to back. The constant wear produced by the continual collision of the opposing surfaces forms an oblique chisel-like surface, sloping from the hard enamel of the front to the softer dentine of the back part of the tooth. As these teeth are perpetually growing, they require constant exercise to keep their growth within bounds, and the rat and others of this most mischievous family might assign, as an excuse for their ravages, the necessity of finding constant employment for their teeth.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson. G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line
Advertisements see rates.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, $1.50, if paid in advance.
Six months, $1.00.
Three months, 50 cents.
If paid at the end of the year $2.00.
All communications should be addressed to THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 963, Washington, D. C

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

rs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest Washington, D. C.
A. H Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
m B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.

☞Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive their paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.

LOCAL.

—Buy your coal from Collins.

—Get your clothes from Banks & Richardson.

Geo. C. F. Rogers has returned to the city from his trip North.

The Baptist Association closed a very profitable meeting on Thursday.

—John T. Layton entered upon his duties as music teacher last Monday.

—John C. Nalle has been made principal of Lincoln *vice* Miss Reed resigned.

Mrs. S. E. Tyree has returned to the city, accompanied by Mrs. Emma Armstrong.

—Howard University starts with several industrial departments this year—printing among them.

—Mrs. Mary A. B., wife of Rev. John A. Mulligan has returned from Newport to her present quarters, 1430 3rd street, N. W.

—We are happy to inform her many friends that Miss Amelia L. Tilghman is improving and is expected home next week.

—R. L. Mitchell will shortly leave for Petersburg where he is to be Treasurer of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.

—Mrs. Ruffin and Miss Poole of Norfolk was in our city this week, the guest of Mrs. Traynham *en route* to the Baltimore "Oriole."

—Special services at Galbraith Chapel to-morrow morning. Sermon from 1st Corinthians 3rd Chapter, 11th verse—Christ the foundation.

Don't fail to examine the fine assortment of fresh candies, to be found at the grand opening of Mrs. J. Davis, 714 K st., n. w., next Monday, the 17th.

—Two pleasant rooms at No. 1103 N street, N. W., can be secured by persons desiring furnished or unfurnished appartments. Gentlemen preferred.

—On or about the 1st of October, a matrimonial combination is expected in which Mr. R. N. Boyd and Miss Tulip Cook will be the principal mourners.

—Chas. H. Shorter has been elected lay delegates from the Baltimore Conference A. M. E. Church to the general Conference which meets at Baltimore next year.

—It is positively state that Mr. A. Herbert and Mrs. Fannie Scott will betake themselves one unto about the 27th instant. We wish them a successful journey through life.

—Among the excursionist party that arrived here from Richmond last Tuesday was Miss J. J. Turpin who takes the Literary Course in the College Department of Howard University.

—Trustee Birney is endeavoring to show his friendship for the colored youth of Hillsdale, by urging the appointment of a teacher who does not possess the necessary grade of certificate.

The late Overton Bond was buried last Sunday with great honor. Whether in church, society, or civil station, he discharged his duties so well as to be regarded as an exemplar.

Hon. John M. Langston and wife left last Sunday for a trip, including Chicago, St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, and Cincinnati. It is most likely that he will be in Louisville just about the time of the Convention.

Mrs. Mollie Woodson, widow of the late R. S. Woodson, was surprised one night this week by a host of friends, including many Odd Fellows, who presented her with a large supply of groceries and a purse of twenty dollars in money.

Our old friend, M. M. Patterson, formerly of this city, now of Kansas city, Mo., was in the city last week. He speaks in glowing terms of the great west and its advantages, and especially of the grand (near) future in store for Kansas city, of which, and its good people, he has promised to tell us more ere long.

Rev. F. M. Hamilton, of this city, and Miss Katie E. Brown, of Hillsdale are to be married about the first or second week in October. Rev. Mr. Hamilton is the presiding elder of the Washington District of the A. M. E. church.

A. G. Wall has, by steady attention to business, built up a very valuable milk business. At present he has over twenty cows. His turnout is one of the best in the District, and if you are desirous of pure milk, give him a trial.

W. C. Reeves, who has been nominated for the legislature of Virginia, is a young man of excellent bearing, a ready and able speaker, a gentleman who, if elected will refleet credit, not only upon the Commonwealth, but upon his race.

—Mr. C. A. Lemar, of THE ADVOCATE, accompanied by Mr. M. F. Hamlin will take a trip to New York and through New England. We trust that our manager and wrestler of coupons may have a pleasant trip. It is said that our man will return with a wife.

—Rev. W. H. Scott and —— Colbert have inaugurated a new enterprise in the shape of a book and stationery store at 1727 7th street, N. W. Now let our teachers, especially those in the Garnet and O St. School, patronize these gentle men, and the students at Howard University and Wayland Seminary do like wise.

—The Commercial course has not yet been introduced in the Colored High School, but not only are all the customary English branches taught at the O st. High School, but even Latin and Greek are taught. This is an inequality against which our trustees should protest without ceasing, let the causes be what they may.

—Those desiring coal and wood for the winter will do well to call on Mr. R. J. Collins who keeps a well stocked yard. His yard is to be found on E street between 4½ and 6th streets, South Washington. Mr. Collins sells his wood and coal as cheap as can be bought in town and the fact that Mr. Collins is a colored man, all things being equal, we deem it ourduty as colored men to patronize him.

PERSONAL.

T. Thos. Fortune, Editor of the New York *Globe*, spent the day in our midst on Tuesday, after having spoken on the night before at a rousing meeting of Indepents in Baltimore.

Mr. Chas. H. Armstrong formerly of Knoxville, Tenn., who has been for a the Banking House of Grant & Ward in New York City was last week without any solicitation or expectation on his part, made private Secretary to Mr. Ward, one of the partners of the firm. The other member of the firm is U. S Grant, jr. This is the second instance of the promotion of a colored man in the first-class business houses of New York.

West Washington News.

Miss Lizzie Tilghman has returnd home from Loudoun county, Va., where she has been spending the summer with Miss Sarah Bryant.

Most of the young gentlemen have returned home, which gives the town a live appear ance among them is Mr. William Furguson.

The friends of Mr. Thornton Yates will be glad to learn that he has recovered from his long illness, and was at his post on Sabbath morning last as superintendent of the First Baptist Sabbath school.

Mr. Thomas Watkins has built a beautiful pressed brick front residence on West P street near 25th, which adds greatly to the appearance of that section of the town.

Mr. William Saunders, of our town, is building a fine residence near Bennings Station on his beautiful farm.

Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of the Ebenezer A. M E. church, continued his series of sermons on Sunday evening last to the young people, which drew together a large audience.

In Union there is strength.

The S. S. Union will hold their anniversary next Sunday at 3 o'clock at Mt. Zion church.

The Hon. e. Ambler Smith has bought the beautiful residence of the Misses O'Donohue on N street for $2500.

Mr. R. D. Ruffin tendered his resignation as chief marshall of the grand parade on the 24th inst., to the committee of arrangements, to take effect at once, as he execas to be in Louisville, Ky., on that day attending the National Convention.

Flocks of Sheep.

We are asked how many sheep can advantageously be kept in one flock. The answer to the question would depend somewhat on the breed, which our correspondent does not designate, and it would also depend upon how much room he has. If he has room enough we no not see why a limit should be fixed, especially of Merinoes; and we do not know that it would be necessary in regard to other breeds. There is a prevalent idea that Cotswolds do not do well in large flocks, and we are not able from personal observation or experience to say whether they will or not. It is said, however, that in the old country they are kept in flocks to the number of even 800, and from all we have read upon the subject, we should think that there would be no difficulty in maintaining large flocks, if there were room enough. There are some obvious reasons why smaller flocks are better than larger ones, but it is not impossible to keep large ones, and it is practicable. The Merinoes will herd to any number if there is room enough.

TREES OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—The lumbermen of California every day cut pines twice as tall and two and a half times as large as that wonderful tree at Waterloo, N. Y.. We have seen 16,000 feet of lumber from a single California pine, and, the contract with the haulers being to cut no logs above the lowest limbs, the top left in the woods was more than four feet through where the last log was cut off. And then when it comes to a venerable age for trees, the big trees of Calaveras were larger than this Crystal Lake tree ever grew to be 800 years before the Magna Charta was signed by King John, which was 666 years ago.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL

BETWEEN THE COMPANIES OF

Colored Militia of the D. C.

FOR THE

JOHN W. BOTELER CUP

Will come off at the

ATHLETIC PARK GROUNDS,

Between 9th and 10th and S & T sts., N. W

MONDAY OCT. 15, 1883.

The Judges of the Drill will be Officers of the United States Army!

—The Companies competing will be—
The Butler Zouaves,
Capt. C. B. Fisher.
The Washington Cadets,
Capt. C. A. Fleetwood.
The Capitol City Guard, Co. "A"
Capt. Thos. S. Kelly.
The Capitol City Guard, Co. "B"
Capt. W. P. Gray.
The Lincoln Light Infantry,
Capt. Wm. Cornell.

The drill will be preceded by

A GRAND STREET PARADE

Of all the participating Companies.

The Parade to start at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

And march by way of the principal streets and avenues to the Drill Ground.

Owing to the numberof Companes to take part in the drill, and the short daylight at this late season of the year, the company drawing First Place will commence to drill at

THREE O' CLOCK SHARP

The drill will close at Six o'clock.

A FINE BRASS BAND

Will accompany the parade, and also furnish choice selections in the intervals of the drill, while the companies are exchanging.

ADMISSION TO THE GROUNDS,

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Chairs on the Grand Stand 10 and 25 cents additional.

Tickets for sale by members of the committee, and of the several companies participating.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Capt. Charles B. Fisher, Chairman.
Captain Wm. Cornell, Secretary,
Capt. C. A. Fleetwood, Treasurer.
Capt. Thos. S. Kelly,
Capt. W. P. Gray.

Sept. 15–5t

The Western Reserve.

Several of the seaboard States at an early day when, in fact, they were colonies, acquired claims to lands extending westward practically to the utmost limit. Among this number were Connecticut, Virginia, New York, and Massachusetts. These laid claim to portions of the territory embracing Ohio, their claims being based on their chartered grants, but all finally ceded the right of eminent domain to the United States, Virginia and Connecticut reserving however, the ownership of about 3,700,000 acres each. The Connecticut lands formed what was called the Western Reserve, and the Virginia the region about the Falls of the Ohio, which eventually became a part of the State of Indiana. The Western Reserve began to be settled about the year 1800. The pioneers of Ohio were New Englanders, who, however, found their way to that State, settling at Marietta, Cincinnati, and at other points. The Reserve was in the northeastern part of Ohio.

Among the many instances related of recovery from wounds which have been pronunced mortal, is the case of Colonel D. R. Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth, Kansas, *Times*, and brother of Susan B. Anthony. In an encounter with the editor of an opposition paper, in 1875, he was shot in the right breast, just below the collar bone, the ball severing a leading artery, and causing violent internal hemorrhage. The attending surgeons pronounced the wound a fatal one, and gave the patient but a few hours to live. No person, they said, similarly wounded, had been known to recover. The colonel, however, declined to believe that his end was so near, and to the surprise of his physicians, rose from his bed after a few weeks, and soon became well and hearty.

A PRETTY OLD SETTLER.—There was a good specimen of American wit in the reply made by the old settler, who had lived in his city since it was a log cabin or two, to the young man who was putting through a course of interrogatories:

"You must have lived here a long time?"

"Well, I reckon."

"Why, how long since you came here?"

"Young man," said the old settler, seizing the questioner by the coat lappel, "do you see that hill across the river (pointing to a lofty peak)?"

"Yes," said the other, "I do."

"Well, I kim here, sir, when that was nuthin' but a hole in the ground."

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Hop Bitters will Restore You

If you are a man of bus grain of your everyday bers, toiling over your ness, weakened by the duties; or a man of let midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

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World.

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

If you and I, to-day,
Should stop and lay
Our life work down, and let our hands fall where they will—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come and stoop to find
The threads we carried so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
Our life-work going seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctly made yours, or mine,
What would it find?
Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts
Itself that we look up to, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different lengths and thickness—some mere shreds—
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread:
It cannot stand quite still, till it is dead,
But what it spins and winds a little skein,
God made each hand for work—not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand,
If Love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer—
—find but shreds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for woe.

Flaxseed for Stock.

In some parts of the West, farmers sow flax on newly-turned sod for the purpose of turning the ground for a crop of wheat the following year. It requires less labor to sow and harvest a crop of flax than to plant and gather a crop of corn. Sod corn is not salable, but flaxseed always finds a ready market. The expense of marketing flaxseed is less than for any crop that can be raised on the same amount of land. It is generally worth more per bushel than any kind of grain, and it is manufactured in the West instead of in the East. In many sections the manufacturers of linseed oil furnish seed to homesteaders and other poor farmers with a view of securing their crop when harvested. The manufacture of this oil is very profitable, as the oil-cake sells for more than half the sum paid for the seed from which it is made. Nearly all of it goes to Great Britain, where its value for feeding to all kinds of stock is better appreciated than in this country. But little use is made of oil-cake or of ground flaxseed in the United States, except to feed to calves and milch cows that are in poor condition in the spring. Few have employed either of them as a part of the regular diet for stock, or for the purpose of preparing animals for the butcher. There is no necessity for extracting the oil from flaxseed before feeding it to stock. In fact the oil it contains is the most valuable portion of it. Pure ground flaxseed, when fed alone, is too rich, but if mixed with meal, bran or shorts it is excellent for all kinds of stock. An experienced feeder recommends mixing one bushel of flaxseed with seven of corn and the same number of oats and grinding them together. There is no better feed for calves "brought up by hand" than boiled flaxseed and skimmed milk. A small amount of flaxseed should be increased to a pound a day by the time the calves are a month old.

A Good Poultry House.

For the foundation dig a ditch ending northwest and southeast, one foot deep, size of the building; in this build a wall two feet high on the surface, cement the whole space inside the walls and paint the walls inside and outside with cement, fill the remaning foot with dirt or anything else preferred; the house 10x12 and eight feet high to top of plate; it can be built of any kind of lumber, and studded or girted to suit the builder; clapboard or shingle the roof—it will be seen that one corner of the building is to stand exactly south; each side of this and close to it put in a large window, putting the frames on top of the sill; these will be provided with tight shutters for cold nights; this will give them the sun as soon as it rises, and they will be plentifully supplied until sunset.

This I consider of the greatest importance to laying fowls in winter. The ventilators will be furnished with tight-fitting slides to be moved with a cord. Inside the house is to be plastered the sides and top with mortar, mixed with an equal quantity of cement; this prevents the fowls from picking off the plastering. The furniture should be movable you then have a house that can be kept free from vermin very easy, and I don't think Jack Frost can injure the Leghorn family much in this house. This size house would keep thirty-three fowls.—*Poultry Journal.*

A Sermon on Early Marriages.

I believe that the scriptures teach that early marriage is desirable. Solomon says: "Rejoice with a wife in thy youth." We find the same implication in Isaiah, where the fact is used as an illustration: "For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee." Again Malachi: "Therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth." The same implication occurs again and again in the teaching of the book. Not that it in any wise authorizes a man to rush into marriage before he is qualified to support a wife, or before due consideration is given to the matter, but if he have a good trade or profession, or lawful business, which has the reasonable promise of support in it, and have correct morals, is not that capital? I verily believe that the land would be vastly better if all young people would be content to begin life humble, if need be, and build up their fortunes and their homes together as the birds do their nests. Then, again, an early marriage secures a more ready assimilation of character and tastes. It furnishes a worthy object which stimulates to industry. It saves many of those temptations against which the charms of a christian home in wedlock is the surest protection.—*Rev. W. A. Robinson.*

PAY YOUR DEBTS.—Nothing is more discouraging to a wife than to find her husband remiss in paying the household debts. It ought to be to every one a pleasure to pay one's bills as it is to the creditor to receive his dues. And we have always noticed that, whenever there is a lagging behind, and a disinclination to pay what we owe, there is a screw loose somewhere. Indeed, we would not give much for the self-respect and reputation of any one who did not desire to pay his debts, when they are due. We, therefore, say to all, pay your debts, especially your household debts, and relieve your wife from any unpleasant thoughts on the subject.

In Washington's Day.

In Philadelphia, which was the seat of the Continental Congress and of Washington's administration, many anecdotes are preserved of the men and manners of those earlier days which have never found their way into print.

A venerable physician described lately a dramatic incident, in which his father had taken part. The first blood of the Revolution had been shed at Lexington; each colony had voted to raise its poor quota of men, and in the Colonial Congress, George Washington, a young member from Virginia, had been apponinted to lead them to the field.

On the evening of the same day, he was invited, with Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Charles Thompson (surnamed Truth by the Indians, and probably the last white man whom they would have so named) and one or two others to join a dinner-party, given in a "House of call" at Gray's Ferry, a picturesque suburb of the town.

The dinner was discussed with gusto and merriment until the host called upon his guests to rise, and proposed "the health of General Washington, Commander-in-chief of the Continental armies." Instead of applause there was a sudden death-like silence. The Continental armies were a handful of undisciplined, unarmed men; opposed to them was the most powerful nation on earth.

It was the first time that Washington's position and the desperate venture on which they had entered had been formulated into words. Washington, who had risen, smiling, stood silent and pale; one by one the glasses which had been raised were set down untouched. Not one of the startled men who held at the moment the destinies of the continent in their hands remembered to drink the toast.

Growth of America.

In the number and importance of its cities the United States, as Mr. Robert P. Porter shows in the *International Review*, has advanced to the third rank. Among the countries of Europe, only Great Britain and Russia now have more cities of 25,000 inhabitants and upward than appear in our enumeration of 1880. So slight is the advantage of these two foreign nations that the next census will undoubtedly show the United States at the head of the column. Since 1870 old cities have grown and new ones have sprung up at a rate that must astonish the Old World. In the great West cities have doubled and trebled in size within less than ten years, and one—Denver—shows a sevenfold increase of population. Taking 8,000 inhabitants as a minimum size, we now have 285 cities, a gain of fifty-nine in ten years, while the cities of 20,000 inhabitants and upward have increased in number from seventy-one to 101. In 1870 no American city had a million inhabitants, and only two had half that number. In 1880 one appears with more than a million and four with more than half a million each. To-day nearly one-quarter of our population is urban. In 1860 only one-eighth and in 1870 only one-fifth was urban. This is a significant indication of the striking advance made in manufacturing and other industries which flourishes in cities and towns. If the growth in population and in cities has been rapid, the material progress made since 1870 has been generally great and in many directions extraordinary. It is but a day or two ago that we gave in these columns the census figures showing the unprecedented increase of nearly 100 per cent. in the cereal product of the United States. The yield of the two leading grain staples was enormous ten years ago, but the wheat crop has now attained a magnitude 73 per cent. and the corn crop 133 per cent. greater than they were then. Returns of the cereal crops are the only agricultural statistics of the new census yet given to the public. But other trustworthy reports show that the general progress in agriculture has been extraordinary. Since 1870 the production of cotton has increased from 3,000,000 to 6,090,000 bales, while the wool clip of the country has nearly doubled. Still more marvelous is the growth of our export trade in farm and domestic products. From 1870 to 1880 the bread and bread-stuffs sent to foreign countries advanced in value from seventy-two to two hundred and eighty-eight million dollars, provisions from twenty-nine to one hundred and twenty-seven millions, and live animals from one to fifteen million dollars. This remarkable agricultural advance has been attended with an equally striking extension of the transportation system of the country. There are now two miles of railroad where there was one in 1870, while the cost of moving agricultural produce from the Northwest to the seaboard is now only about one-third of what it was then. The rich mines of the far West have also been made to contribute handsomely to the material prosperity of the past ten years. The production of gold has, indeed, been gradually declining for a long series of years, but the annual yield of silver has been raised since 1870 from $15,000,000 to $40,000,000.—*New York Herald, July*, 1881.

Interesting Ring Trick.

Some years ago great stress was laid upon the ability of certain spiritual mediums, so-called, to pass upon the arm of another person, an unbroken iron ring, the person's hands being clasped all the time by the medium's two hands. Mr. W. I. Bishop lately showed a gathering of scientific and literary people in London how it is done. He bandaged the eyes of Mr. Sime, saying it was the same for that gentleman as if the gas was turned out. He then caused Mr. Simes to place his hands together on his knees, brought his own hands from each shoulder of Mr. Sime to his hands, placed one of his hands on Sime's two, and said:

"You feel now that both of my hands are touching yours." "Certainly," said Mr. Sime, "I feel both of your hands" Bishop had one hand perfectly free, and slipping it through an iron ring placed the free hand back. The ring thus held on their joint arms, Mr. Sime having no idea that Mr. Bishop's right hand had left his for an instant. He said the illusion was perfect. So much can be done with a remarkably shrewd Scotchman in the dark, while every one is smiling at the simple process. Mr. Bishop then got Henry Labouchere to write five names and roll them up in pellets, *a la Foster*. After they had been written and placed by Mr. Labouchere in an envelope, Mr. Bishop came upon the platform and sat opposite him at a table. Mr. Labouchere was then requested to lay the pellets out on the table, and Mr. Bishop wrote out successively on a sheet of paper every name that had been folded up. Mr. Labouchere had watched every movement very keenly, but was entirely deceived. Mr. Bishop then showed that it was done by holding between his fingers a dummy pellet which he substituted for each of the five in turn, so that five should always appear on the table, while really one of the pellets was in his hand to read.

The American Flag.

The first European banners unfurled upon the shores of the New World, of which we have any authentic account, are those of Columbus, who landed on the small island of San Salvador, Oct. 12, 1492. Doubtless his ideas of a new world came from Iceland, which he visited early in 1477.

His son writes that Columbus, dressed in scarlet, stepped ashore and planted the royal standard of Spain, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. A white flag with a green cross was its companion.

In 1499 the eastern coast of South America was explored, and eight years later the discovery was announced to the world by a Florentine, Americus Vespucius, who gave name to the Western Continent. About this time the Cabots planted on the shores of North America the banners of England and of St. Marks of Venice. The early voyagers found that the Indians of North America carried as a standard a pole covered with the wing feathers of eagles.

The red cross of St. George floated from the mast of the Mayflower, 1620, when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock. For a century and a half, during the colonial and provincial periods, the use of the English flag continued in North America, with the addition of many devices and mottoes.

Some flags were all red, with white horizontal stripes, or red and blue stripes. Others were red, blue, white or yellow. Upon these were the pine or "Liberty tree," and the words, "An Appeal to Heaven," also stars, the crescent, anchor, beaver and serpent. Under the latter, "Don't tread on me." A flag at the battle of White Plains bore the words "Liberty or death."

On January 2, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass., was first hoisted the "Grand Union" flag of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrews, and the thirteen alternate red and white stripes, emblamatic of the union of the thirteen colonies against the oppressive acts of British tyranny.

This was the flag in use when the Declaration of Independence was read by the Committee of Safety at Philadelphia, in the presence of Washington in New York, and from the balcony of the State House in Boston.

On the 14th of August, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Once the stripes were increased to fifteen, but in 1818 they were changed back permanently to thirteen, perpetuating the original thirteen States of the Union, and it was decreed that for every new State coming into the Union a star should be added. The stars have five-points; those on our coins six. They were first arranged in a circle, afterwards in the form of a large star, and now in parallel lines.

Table Etiquette.

It is not now the custom, as it used to be, to wait until every one is helped before eating; haste or impatience are out of place, but it is proper to eat whenever food is placed before you. One is not expected to ask twice for soup fish, or salad, and is seldom helped twice to dessert.

Preference for white or dark meat, rare or well done, should be expressed without hesitation, and all food accepted or declined in courteous terms. Well-bred people never handle the glass, silver or china unnecessarily, or the food; they never make bread pils, or drink or speak with food in their mouths, or leave the table while eating, or complain of the dinner.

When the child is strong enough to manage a fork, give him one instead of a spoon, and when the dignity of a knife is arrived at, teach him the use of it, and also, when done with the knife and fork, to lay them in close parallel across the plate, the handles to the right. Teach him to use a spoon properly; to lay it in the saucer when he drinks his tea noiselessly, (holding the cup by the handle), to leave it in the saucer if the cup is to be re-filled, and place it in the empty cup when done.

Young people should not be allowed to flourish their bread in the air while spreading it with butter; it is to be laid on the plate; neither should they sop up gravy or soup with bits of bread, or scrape their plates clean or tilt their soup plates in order to drain them dry, or take the meat or bones with their fingers. The mouth should be carefully wiped before drinking, and the glass or goblet lifted without putting the fingers over the brim.

Table manners forbid all unnecessary clattering of knives and forks. Salt is taken on the knife, which is tapped on the forefinger of the left hand, instead of on the fork. The hand is the proper medium for removing grape skins, and fruit pits from the mouth to the plate, and the napkin should hide all use of the toothpick.

Vegetables are usually eaten with a fork or spoon. Asparagus may be taken with the fingers; water-cresses, celery, radishes and olives are always so eaten. Cheese is generally taken with a fork.

Economical housewives cover the table with a square of baize, canton flannel, or cloth of some kind, over which the linen one is spread: this improves the appearance, keeps the cloth from wearing at the edges of the table, and prevents noise.

However much one may economize in household labor, good taste and much painstaking should govern the appointments of the dining room. An attractive table is a good appetizer and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded: children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given to fretfulness and disorder. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far as possible all vexations, care and worries.

A Whale Parents Devotion.

Sperm whales usually travel in schools, and in going into a body composed of "cows and calves," the latter, although yielding but a small amount of oil, are "struck" first. By this method both are captured. The mother will not leave her offspring, neither will it attack the boat; but will remain close to the calf, apparently urging it to escape by sounding or flight. The "little one" can only remain a short time under water, consequently its dame is almost constantly a target for lances, which she will continue to receive, although not being fast to the boat, until life is extinct, when the calf will be killed. She will sacrifice her own life in the attempt to assist her young, and to any one, except a whaler, it would appear like a cold-blooded and heartless murder. Even they cannot help admiring the devotion, and will endeavor to make the struggle as brief as possible. The "calf" exhibits no such filial affection, for if the mother is harpooned first, he will immediately take French leave, leaving the "old lady" to fight her own battles. Extreme caution is used when striking a calf to avoid a mortal wound, as his death is sure to be followed by the flight of the cow, who knows it instantly.

Japanese Women.

AN INTERESTING LETTER BY AN INTELLIGENT NATIVE.

A Japanese gentleman writes to the Boston *Herald*, as follows:

The Western people are invariably aggrieved to see the inferior state of women in Asiatic countries, and heartily sympatize with them in their condition of total subjection under the despotic hands of family tyrants. To this the Japanese ladies are an exception; they are never reduced to the same degree as in other Asiatic countries. They are undoubtedly treated as the gentler sex, and also with respect and considerate care. In this, as in so many other things, we totally differ from the Chinese. We see them treated with affection and deference; in fact, in Japan, as in America, the ladies rule the house. They are allowed greater freedom and have more self-confidence than any other Eastern ladies; yet it is true that a Japanese lady is deprived of the privilege of receiving her young male friends in such an unrestricted manner as is allowed in this country; nor is, without a chaperon, permitted to indulge in the pleasure of strolling or to share the amusement of theater-going with him with whom she may stand on terms of friendship, or of a more tender relation. We scarcely hear, in any Japanese family, such a free expression of love and affection as is tolerated in this country; in fact, it is there considered too delicate an affair to speak of or demonstrate in the presence of parents or friends, if not a violation of the propriety of social etiquette. We can easily infer from these facts that marriage in Japan is seldom the fruit of mutual love and admiration. The matrimonial union is wholly to be arranged and settled by the hands of parents, and the proposed husband and wife have to take each other either for better or for worse upon the judgment of others. But it is amazing to find that there are no more unhappy couples in Japan than there are in this country, where marriage is the sweet result of long acquaintance and mutual love.

Through the influence of Confucianism and Buddishism, obedience has been inculcated as the chief and most amiable virtue of ladies, and undoubtedly this prevailing notion has prevented them from securing a position of equality with men. Happily—or, shall I say unhappily?—for us men, our wives have hardly ever attained such an ascendency as to henpeck their husbands, a custom often discoverable among the so-called civilized countries. In tracing the history of any nation, we invariably seem to come across an age in which the female sex was more or less brought under subjection. The ancient Teutonic race is said, even during its barbarous times, to have regarded the gentler sex with the greatest respect and courtesy; but if we turn to the common law of England, we find the assertion quite inconsistent with it. Unfortunately for them, Japanese women have thus far been deprived of many rights, and also of the means of elevating themselves; but to-day the education of our girls is receiving the greatest attention from our educational department. The prospect is cheering, and it may safely be predicted that, at no distant day, our scholastic institutions will produce myriads of school-marms, that pleasing feature of the New England landscape. Japanese young ladies are generally admired by foreigners as pleasing and graceful in their deportment, and for their gentleness, neatness, and good taste in dress. As far as my recollection goes, I can say this much, that they are generally demure and diffident in society, and apparently fall short of such an activity and ease of manner as is shown by American young ladies. Our misses neither reduce the size of their feet, like the Chinese, nor contract their waists, like the Western ladies, nor willfully injure what is given to them; that is, by piercing the ears, a custom prevalent almost everywhere, both in the civilized countries of Europe and America and the half-civilized countries of Asia. Among our married women it has, from ancient times, been the custom to shave off the eyebrows and to blacken the teeth. This invariably attracts the attention of strangers, and is not infrequently ridiculed as a most singular and unnatural custom. Every nation has its own customs and peculiarities, and we doubt if those ladies who are inclined to condemn the custom are normally free from the shade of any singular fashions and peculiarities attendant upon their persons. We have a common saying, "Correct yourself before you criticize others." We gladly state that our married women are sensible enough to perceive the shortcomings in the custom above alluded to, and it is now noticeable how rapidly it is disappearing.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Pop-Overs:

One cup flour; one cup milk; one egg; a piece of butter the size of a walnut; a pinch of salt. Bake in gem-pans. Double this if necessary.

Flannel Cakes:

One full quart of sifted flour; one quart of thick milk; three eggs; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk; one teaspoonful salt rubbed in the flour; two tablespoonfuls melted butter.

Junkets:

A cup and a half of Indian meal; a handful flour; half a teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful salt; boiling water to make a thick batter. Take care that every particle of the meal is scalded. The flour may be mixed smooth in a little milk before being added. Fry on a griddle with a good deal of lard.

Genuine Boston Brown Bread:

Four coffee-cups full of sifted Indian meal, two cups coarse flour, either wheat or rye; one teaspoonful salt; one teacup molasses, and boiling water enough to make it as thick as griddle-cake batter. When nearly cool, add half a teacup yeast, either home-made or distillery. Put the mixture into an iron baking dish, cover tightly, let it stand in a warm place until it cracks over the top (which should be smoothed over with wet hands before it is placed to rise). Bake it five or six hours in a moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

Barby's Waffles:

One pound and a half of flour; one pint or less of boiled rice; two and a half pints sweet rich milk; one teaspoonful salt; four eggs. Put the rice in a four quart bowl, separating the eggs, putting the yolks with the rice; add the salt, flour, and two pints of the milk, beating very thoroughly; then the remaining half pint of milk; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add them to the batter, and beat well together. When well beaten, make the batter still lighter by lifting and pouring it with a tin cup for five minutes.

Graham Shortcake:

One cup sour milk, one-half cup cream; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful salt; make a batter as thick as can be stirred with a spoon, spread a layer of it in a baking-tin, put bits of butter over it, then another layer of batter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned. When cool enough to handle, open between the layers, and put in berries, peaches, stewed apples, or any kind of juicy fruit; let stand a few minutes, and you will have "a dainty dish to set before a king."

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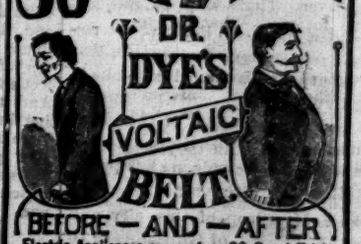
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